MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 7 No. 9 30p

EXCLUSIVE: PENNY MALLETT ON FILM FOR YOU

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– the birds they laid now talk to Quest

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THE GIRL WHO KEPT HER STOCKINGS ON

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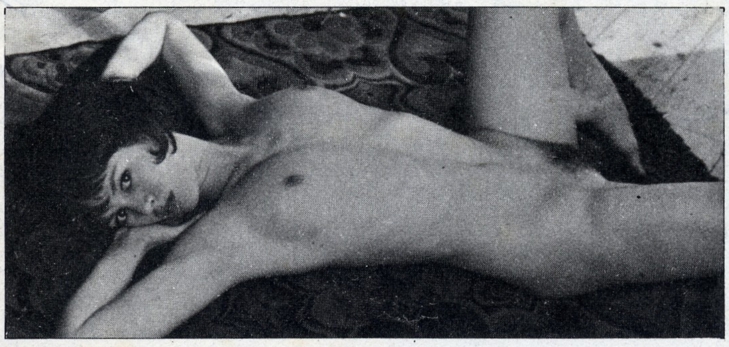
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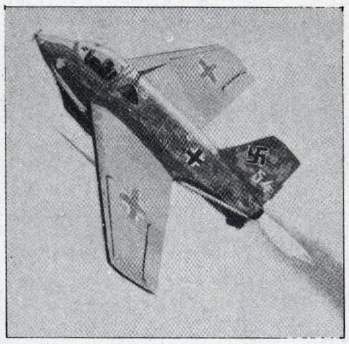
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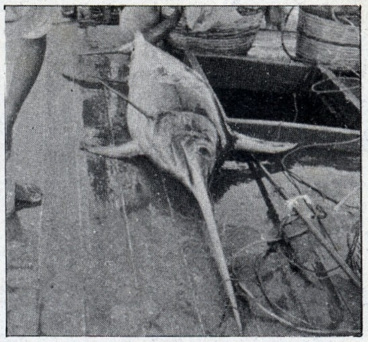
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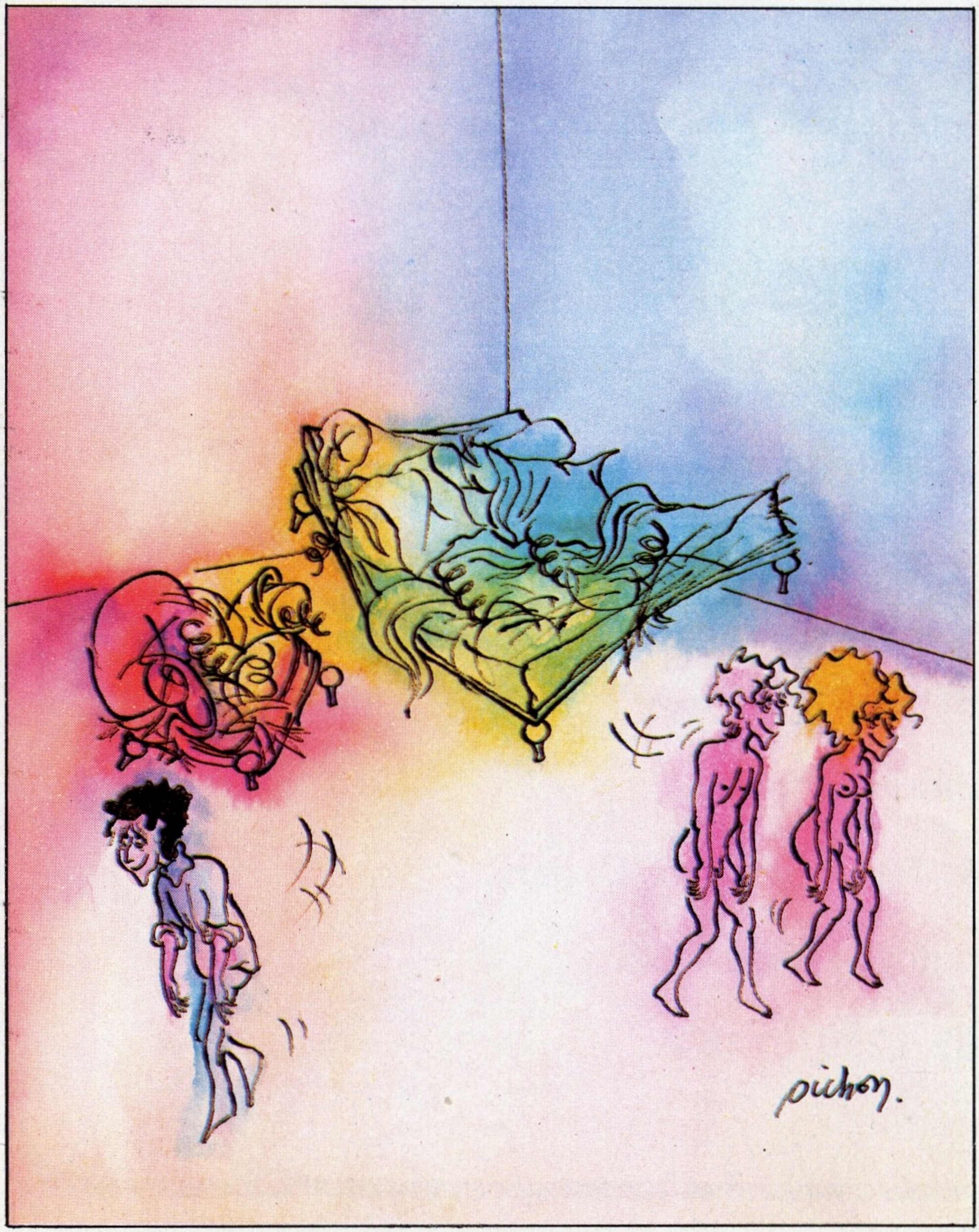
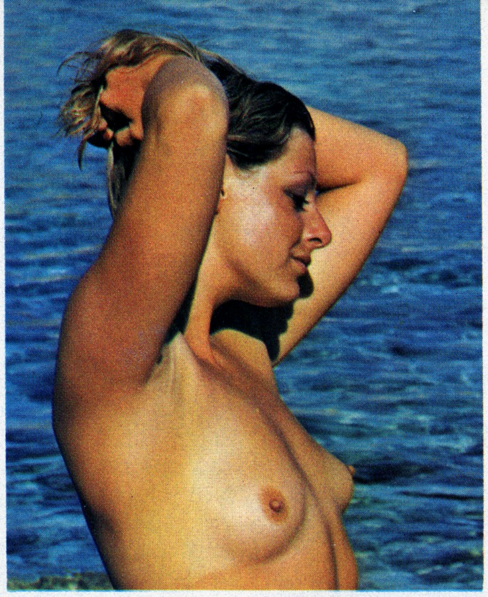

pichon.

Leslie

We didn't find Leslie Hunter, she found us: 'I was browsing through a copy of Mayfair that had been left in the guest house where I work when I suddenly thought: Why shouldn't I do that?' So she dug out a photograph of herself in a scanty bikini and sent it off with a little note which just said: 'Am I good enough for Mayfair?' As you can see she is. So we were off like a shot in an effort to catch yesterday's train to Tenby, where Leslie was spending the summer working as a general help in a small hotel. We



booked in at Leslie's guest house and it didn't take her long to find us. 'When do we start?' she asked, but before we had time to say anything she took the helm and said: 'I know lots of quiet bays higher up the coast if you'd like me to drive you there.' Off we went, with Leslie firmly in command at the wheel of her second-hand Triumph. 'How about down there?' she yelled, leaning out of the car and pointing to the beach as if she was flying the only aircraft in the North Atlantic air corridor. 'Can I keep my stockings on for a while?' she asked as she began leaving a trail of clothes across the sand. 'Do whatever you like,' we told her, and she did. We followed her around the beach and watched this 19 year old gamboling about like a new-born lamb as she peeled off her clothes to reveal a lithe 35-23-36. Leslie's got herself well sorted out. She works in London as a temp during the colder months and takes off to the coast every summer. 'I don't care what I do in the summer as long as I have time to be near the sun and sand,' says Leslie.

Take my wife with me? But I want a holiday

There's nothing like a bachelor holiday to keep the marriage ticking over and, says Mike George, that rich widow may just turn up some day

'And you honestly mean to say she's letting you go off for two weeks on your own.'

'Yup.'

'But how on earth do you wangle it?'

'No wangle. What's the object of a summer holiday? Surely it is to give oneself a complete and utter break from routine. To baste one's moth ridden nicotine stained carcass in the briny of the Med for two weeks and to feed it on fish and fruit and wine and then return home radiantly to suburbia physically and mentally equipped to withstand the ravages of the next eleven and a half months travail . . .'

'And poxed up to the eyeballs into the bargain.'

'Maybe. Although it hasn't happened yet. Anyway – the point is that to enjoy a holiday and benefit from it completely you have to do your own thing as you've never done it before. You must pander to whims; move as the mood takes you with no restrictive factors interposing whatsoever to prevent your absolute relaxation. You want to break wind? You break wind with abandon. Pee in the ocean? Pee in the ocean. It is precisely this sort of carefree behaviour pattern that enables your knots to unravel.'

'And lands you in a Rimini gaolhouse for the duration.'

'What does?'

'Peeing in the ocean.'

'My dear old fruit – I use that purely as an example. I don't suggest you stand in the *Boulevard les Anglais* at noon and tiddle recklessly over the wrought iron balustrade. What I do say is that spending your working life as a third rate eighth string subordinate in a second rate minor league commercial organisation is bound to atrophy your soul unless you take annual measures to prevent it. A summer holiday is the obvious time in which to sort oneself out. To take one's permanent female companion with one is merely an extension of the norm. How can I gaze into the Mediterranean haze and feed fantasy to my ego if Cyn is there nagging for an ice cream? How can I give the folks in the cocktail lounge the impression I'm an up and coming oil magnate with Cyn giggling into her rum and coke and looking quizzical? How can I enjoy letting my beard grow for a few days with Cyn chuntering at me to get it off? No – it's much too much of a strain on both parties and who wants to spend two hundred quid on arguing in the sun? Separate holidays are far better.'

'But does Cyn feel the same way about all this?'

'Not entirely. She'd like a nice family holiday together with all of us shovelling sand at Skegness.'

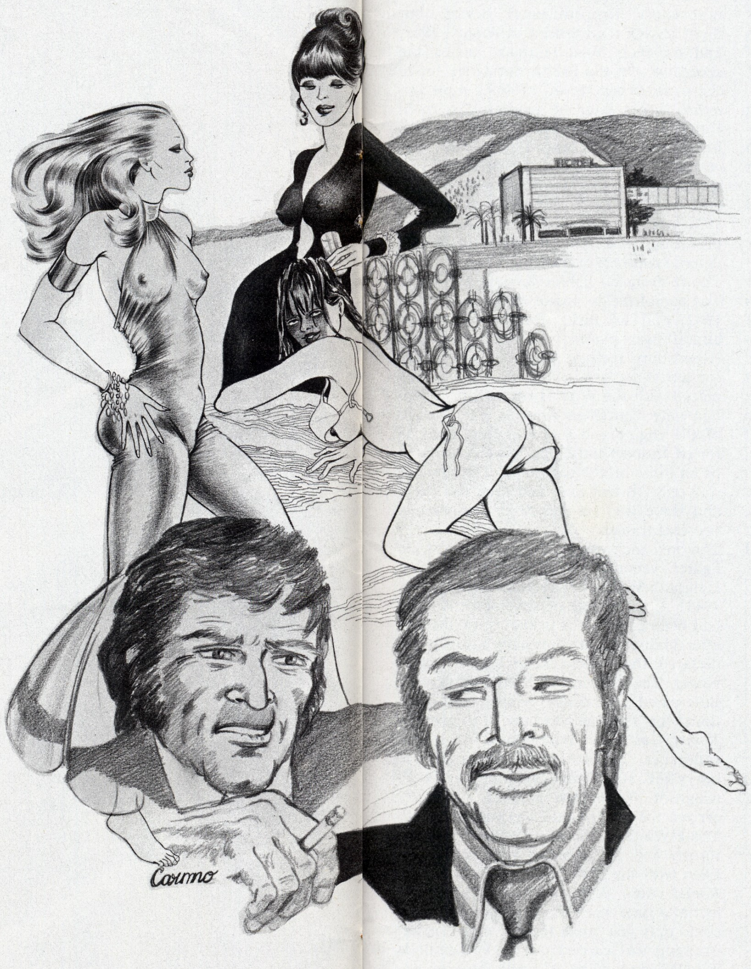
'So what's wrong with that?'

'Simply that the kids are on holiday in August. All God's chillun on holiday in August. August – him no holiday: him bloody great sunburned bunfight with frayed tempers, chaffing sand sores and diarrhoea on a caravan site for 3,000 with one tap. That no holiday. That purgatory. So assuming a summer holiday is sun, sea and sand it has got to be taken in May, June or September while the mob are still at their workbenches.'

'But isn't that selfish on the children?'

'Many would think so, yes. But I'm the bread winner. As soon as *I* crack the bread's not delivered. Come the spring and I'm about ready for an institution somewhere. My two weeks away from Cyn are by way of an insurance for the future. If I *do* go in a hurry my insurance man has made sure my carcass will be worth more to Cyn that it is at the moment. In the meantime she's managed to find other uses for my body which she quite seems to enjoy and by taking off on my own for a fortnight it helps stave off my coronaries and things while fortifying other anatomical attributes at the same time.'

'Don't you find this fortifying process a trifle frisk inducing in itself?'



'You'd better believe it, kid, but I do very little about it. I'm too idle. Anyway, as I mentioned, I like to nurture my ego when I'm on holiday. Why run the risk of it getting smashed in the teeth by having to suffer the rebuff of a seventeen-year-old Stevenage shop assistant, or whatever?'

'So unlike the majority of blokes, acquisition of *"les oats"* is not the prime factor contributing to the success or failure of your holiday?'

'Nope.'

'Christ. You *are* a problem child. No wonder Cyn's glad to get rid of you for a couple of weeks. What do you do on the beach? Read dirty books, or something?'

'Oh, my eyeballs and libido get a surfeit of titillation all right, of course they do. I let all three of them screech unchecked over the copper layers of oil puddled female navels splayed out in review order from Dieppe to Sicily. But unless one of them twitches uncontrollably in our direction or actually jumps up and makes a grab we're content just to bide our time.'

'Waiting for what?'

'A rich, sophisticated young widow who gets turned on by our particular brand of masculinity.'

'. . . I shouldn't think there are too many of those around, are there?'

'There don't appear to be, no.'

'Eh . . . *any* in fact?'

'Not so far, no.'

'Have you ever thought about taking someone with you. You know. A girlfriend from here?'

'Yes.'

'And?'

'I haven't got a girlfriend.'

'Well, if you had?'

'Oh, I don't think so. I admit burning south down Route VI in a white "E" Type with a Jackie Stewart cap, mirrored shades and a legendary blonde raking her talons along the denim of your left thigh right the way across the Camargue *is* an appealing image. . . .'

'But you haven't got a white "E" Type.'

'No – nor a legendary blonde.'

'There's always that Emma Grundy bird in the typing pool. She takes her holidays alone.'

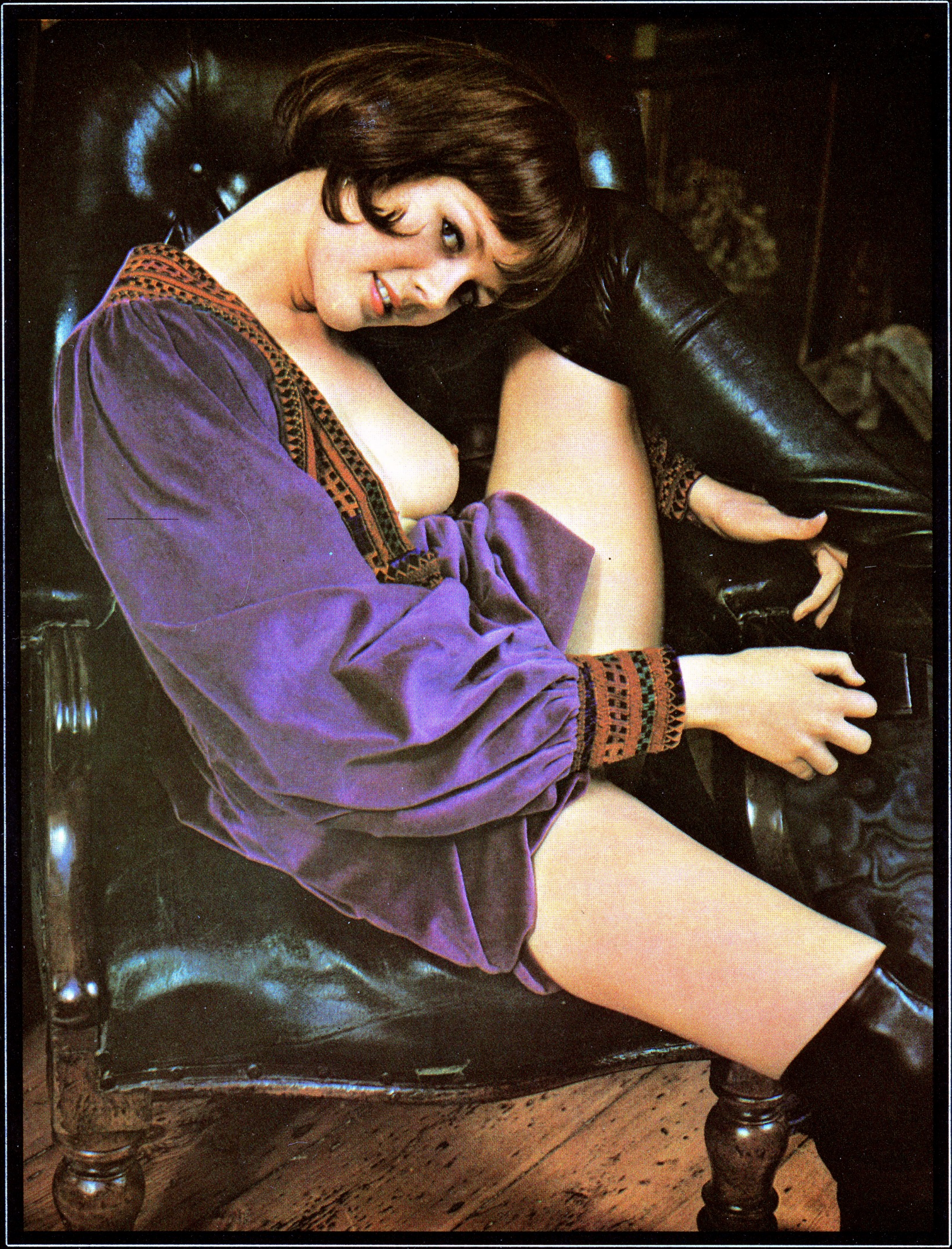
'Yes. In Skegness. And anyway, the organisation required to cart another bird along would be phenomenal. First of all you have to arrive at an understanding about what sort of arrangement it's going to be. Then the finances have to be broached and finalised. Then it's preferences of destination, timings, luggage . . . and then the whole thing goes for a ball of chalk if one or the other has to cry off at the eleventh hour.'

'But I still don't see why Cyn allows you off the hook so readily?'

'I would have thought that was obvious.'

'No. Why?'

'Because after two weeks I am fit, bronzed, virile and busting for it. When I crash through that door mentally cleansed, physically as perfect as I can be, offering duty free perfume off the ferry and smelling as sexy as hell from ingrained scented sun oil and just a touch of garlic she is already lying there with her eyeballs raking the ceiling in eager anticipation remembering what last year had been like. She's punch drunk for two days afterwards and can hardly walk straight. She's starry eyed and loving and reels around the place croaking 'Christ . . . that was just like being slapped in the gut with a plate of hot porridge.' Well . . . I mean . . . do you think she's going to deprive herself of that little treat just because the neighbours think it's a bit off taking separate holidays? I should cocoa.'



Chris

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

CLOTHES BY FORBIDDEN FRUIT/BOOTS BY ELLIOTT

When Chris Rossiter walked into the Mayfair offices we thought we'd got a winner. She stood there and off came that yellow triangle and blue jeans, revealing a body built like a battleship and, as we found out later, just as dangerous. An American on holiday for three months. So we trusted her enough to pay her well, on the understanding that she wouldn't do any other magazine modelling while in this country. She let us down. Two weeks later a photographer came in with a set of pictures and there was Chris as nude as ever and with a big smile on her face that said: 'You bloody fools.'

So what do you do with a bitch like that? You strip her and give her a rough hard ride till she begs you to stop. But she's only 21 and sooner or later someone is really going to hurt her, and then Chris is going to wake up one morning and realise that an honourable agreement is the best in the end. At the moment she's a real tough kid, as her yoga exercises show.

Chris does her impossible yoga exercises daily. Not only do they keep her 5 feet 9 inches of 38–25–37 female dynamite in trim, they help her to get into positions you wouldn't have thought possible. After all, who could say no to a girl that can spread her legs wider than any other, and believe us, she can. Yes, we think she's a self-centred bitch, but you can't for very long hate a girl who looks just like a sex machine. Cannonball breasts, a rump like a Friesian and athlete's thighs all held together by joints that make a universal coupling a non-starter. And what does it all add up to? Almost six feet of hard flesh that you just want to engulf you and drain you of everything you've got. So what if you do never see her again, a sweet young thing will come along tomorrow.

Oh you athletic darlings,

What is the lure of those jolly sporting dollies? Edward Knox and Ronald Cobb

Give an athletic female the choice of a quick work-out in the gym or a dozen knee-bends in the bushes and quicker than it takes to get your medicine balls out, her tight little bottom will be bouncing good and high – and not on the trampoline either. Or so I have been led to believe.

'What?' you mutter as armed with nothing but a jock-strap and a power drill you bore small holes in the partition wall of the ladies changing rooms at your local athletic club, 'Is Knox blowing the gaff?' Not to put too fine a point on it, lady athletes are as randy a bunch of javelin fondlers and willing thighs as ever split their knickers across a vaulting horse.

Remember school sports days? Remember watching that lithe young sixth former with the unrestrained boobs jerking your discus off into the bushes – if you owned such a thing then? Remember those nostalgic moments as your running shorts suddenly acquired that amazing new three-dimensional frontal format?

Now, I know why Dobbs Minor and Dobbs Senior, and indeed Dobbs in the key of E flat major, would lie under the high jump pole until the games master kicked them away and lay there himself, assuring the gym mistress that it was a question of the best position to judge which of the bigger girls nudged the bar – and with what.

I nearly joined an athletic club once.

It was not by pure chance that I drove my trusty Lancia through the imposing gates and parked in front of the white gabled clubhouse. It was in those days when I was no more than a slight tremble in the Mayfair editor's drinking arm and the occasion was an unusual number of unkind words from my girlfriend to the effect that if I exchanged fatness for fitness there would be less chance of her suffocating half to death when we were in bed.

As I stepped from the Lancia I was in time to catch the stirring sight of a lissom bodied dolly in taut knickers and skin-tight running vest that left nothing to the imagination but the club insignia, rounding the corner of the clubhouse.

As she skittered by she flashed her teeth – not to mention her boobs which jostled like drunken Olympic pole vaulters – in a dazzling smile. With delirious gaze I followed her progress. Her bottom, encased in those white knickers brought to mind a pair of small round African explorers in pith helmets grappling furiously with some mutually absorbing problem. Then as she neared the bushes she gave a startled cry and fell on her bottom in the grass.

Without a thought for my own problems I immediately ran to her assistance.

'Oh dear.' A frown crossed her pretty face. 'I've got cramp.'

'Where?' I asked, fervently hoping.

'Here.' She touched her ankle.

'Not here by any chance?' I tried, touching her left breast.

She pulled deftly away. 'Are you a member?' she asked.

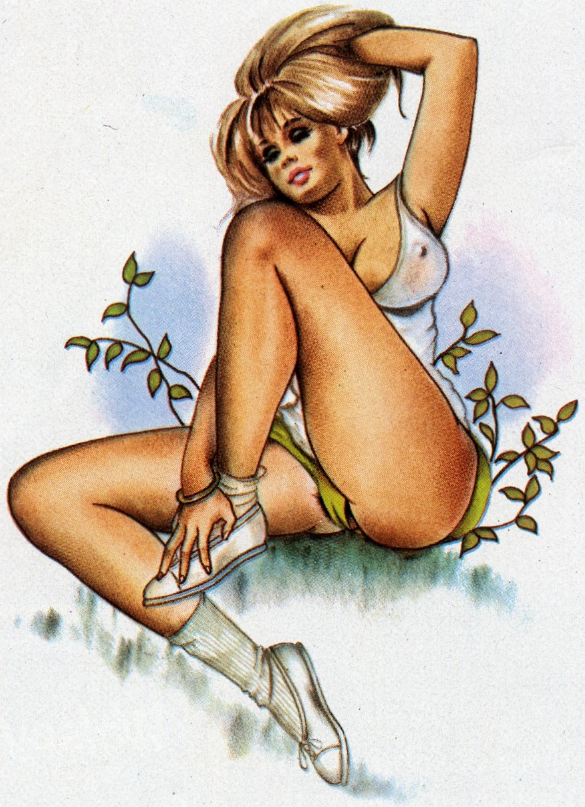
'Not entirely.' I tried. 'My member is but a part of me though by no means an unimportant part and what is more I'm willing to produce it here and now.'

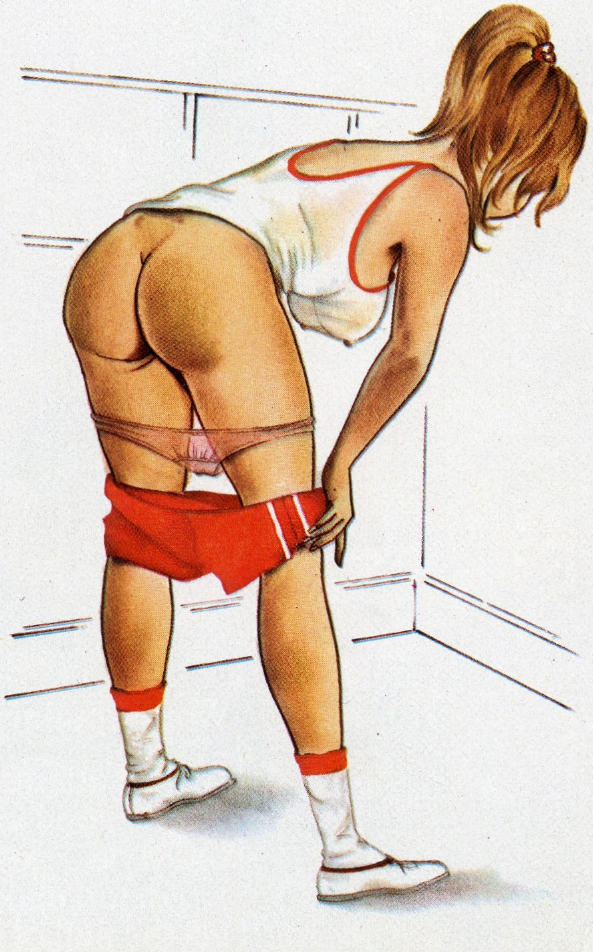
'You aren't a member of the club and non-members aren't allowed to fraternise with the athletes.' Her bottom squirmed in the grass and in so doing pulled down her running-knickers a most juicy fraction. 'But if you hurry up and join the club I could give you a work out on the track.'

'What about the bushes?' I said.

'Bushes get in the way,' she said.

'Har,' I said and with the unsteady stance





try this for thighs

investigate the eyecatching appeal of bouncing bra-less breasts and scanty shorts

of a vaulter who has become inextricably entangled with his pole inside his track suit I staggered into the clubhouse to regain some of my customary cool and allow things to simmer down.

Breathless from the exertion of walking and puffing not unlike a number three tank on the down line with a load of coal trucks I wandered through the first door on my left in the fond belief it might be the club secretary's office and the even fonder belief it might not be.

I was right – it wasn't.

In one brilliant tactical manoeuvre Knox had walked straight into the ladies changing rooms.

With customary savoir faire I lit three cigarettes in quick succession and singed my right eyebrow. What faced me was practically beyond even the fabled Knox powers of icy control.

She was blonde. I could see that from both directions. Apart from her running vest under which hung breasts like bunting on a Wembley grandstand and a small dimple on the left cheek of her most arrogantly cleft bottom, she was naked. She was poised, taut muscled legs apart, bottom tilted in the air like a snooty basset hound sniffing the breeze, to pull on a pair of red running shorts.

I was pulled up short with a jolt that sent tremors to my every extremity.

But before I could take myself in hand or even take her in hand, she spun round, hauling her shorts rapidly up. I managed to get a grip on myself and regain the sanctuary of my plus fours just in time.

'Well, what have we here?' Hands on hips she strutted carelessly round me.

She began to poke me.

Lucky blighter, Knox, you may be thinking.

'I'm joining the club,' I croaked.

'Which one?' she asked quick as a flash, 'the Flab Fighters?'

'What are you doing?' I queried as she poked anew at various parts.

'I wondered where you keep your muscles. They don't appear to be in your arms.'

'I'm rather unique,' I smirked, 'I only have one athletic muscle. Shall I point it out to you?'

She gazed downwards. They catch on quick these athletic birds do. 'It's been pointing at me ever since you came in,' she said.

'That's my muscles all over,' I said. 'Always showing themselves off.'

'Well it's the only one making any impression at the moment, why don't you try a little weight lifting?'

Frankly I was taken nastily aback. 'It gets quite enough exercise without hanging medicine balls from the end of it,' I said.

'You vulgar man,' she said, 'I was talking about your other muscles.'

Dash it all I was here to get fit but I wasn't about to get entangled with some bird who probably thought nothing of tramping round the bedroom with a lot of circular weights and bars saying, 'Do it with this one on this morning, darling.' That sort of thing does a chap's muscle no good at all.

The club secretary was out for lunch so I wandered outside to take a better look around.

As I chanced to linger by the eighth hurdle to light another cigarette I suddenly felt like a man singled out by fate to witness a limitless parade of half naked lady athletes. Coming flat out towards me down the straight she was, and she had obviously snagged her elastic on a splintered hurdle. Her auburn hair floated in the wind, her breasts thrust and parried like a rugby scrum, her legs were flung out in that

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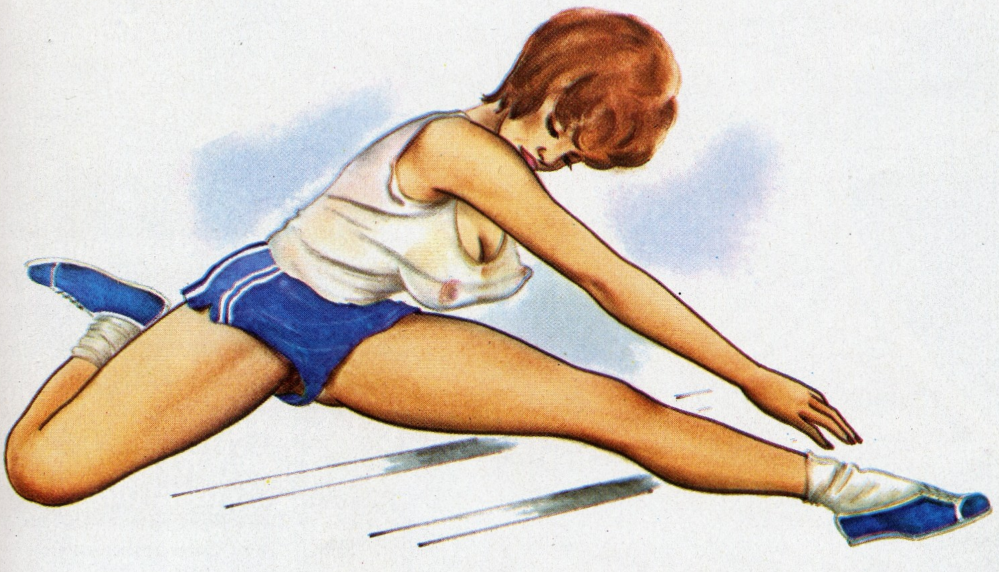
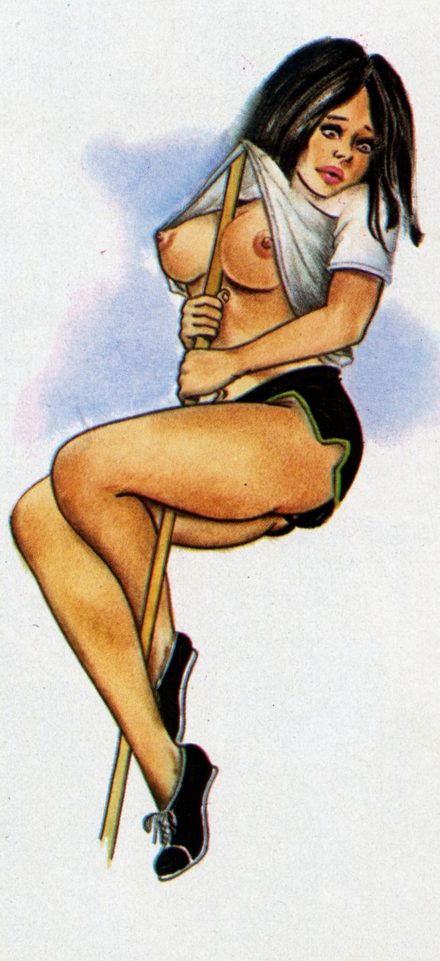
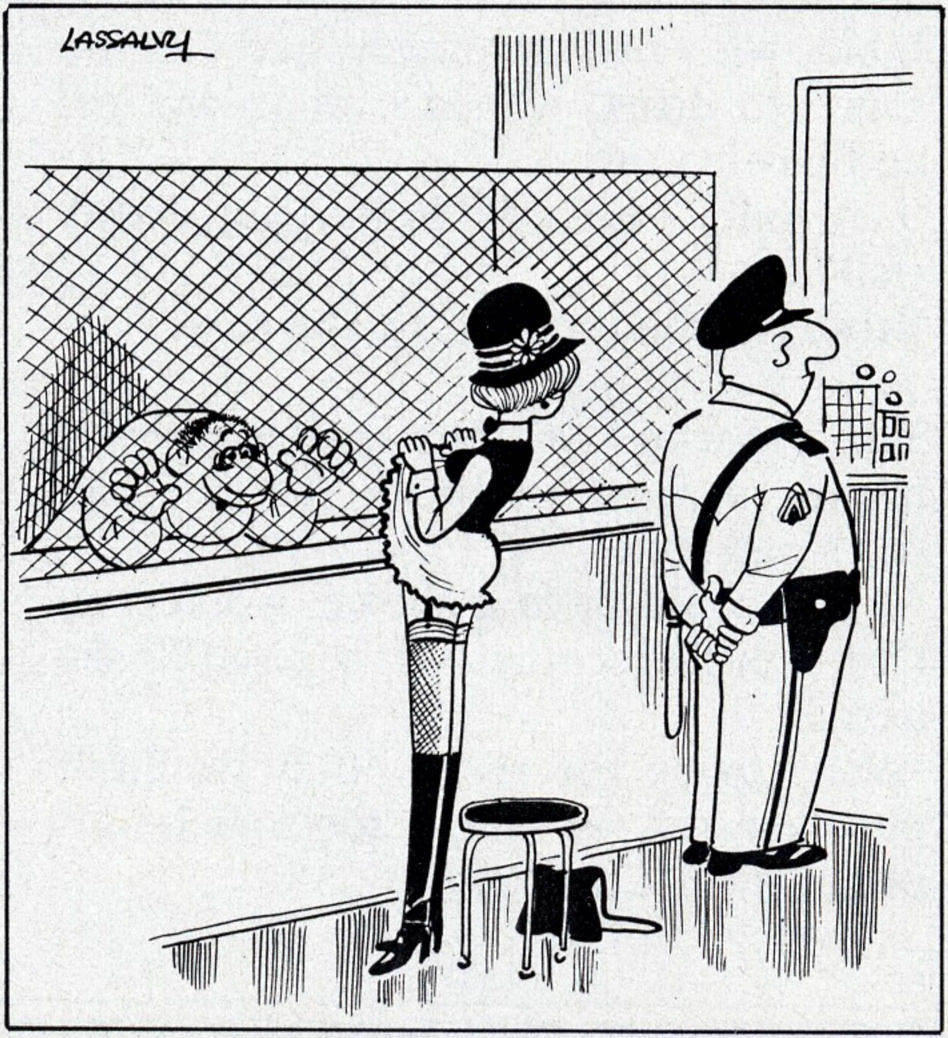





LASSALVY

Margaret

A lovely lass
from the Lake District,
that's Margaret.
She's just passed her
eighteenth
birthday and is happy
that she can
now visit all those cool
country pubs
near Keswick where she
lives without
having to worry about it.
A real country
girl is Margaret; when
she's not in
London at veterinary school
she's back home
working on her uncle's
farm or hiking
over all those mountains.
'I can't stand
all the noise and smoke
in London but
I'm willing to put up with
it because I
love animals and I really
want to be a
vet,' she says softly.

Margaret's the sort of girl who, if you met on the street, would be carrying a basket of kittens or a box of hamsters in one hand and a dog lead that connects her to a golden labrador in the other. She's a real country lass with a fresh young mind and a beautiful body to go with it. It must be all that hiking around the mountains in the Lake District that keeps her 36-22-35 in such good shape. A firm body and a soft warm face that doesn't stretch an inch higher than five feet two. But don't go breaking the legs of your pet spider and calling a vet. She's not trained yet

MAGNIFICENT PENNY MALLETT

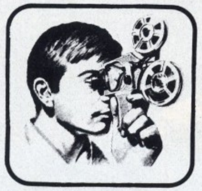
for you on film

Remember that Bournemouth beauty queen, and the councillor who described her as the most elegant and cultured girl he'd ever met? Now she's back, on film

Below, Penny as she appeared as girl of the month in Mayfair, Vol. 6, No. 9, and above as she appears in the film, wearing nothing but a make-shift polythene bikini.

Picture the perfection of Penny Mallett, but on film. Watch her elegantly aristocratic beauty revealed and then daringly disguised again in a makeshift polythene bikini. Penny appears in the film as one of the competitors in a beauty contest – a role to which she is well accustomed. But things don't run quite as smoothly as they did when she earned the title of Bournemouth's most outstanding beauty queen. On film the other girls are jealous when Penny arrives, and what girl wouldn't be when faced with the disarming Penny. So what do they do? They cut up her bikini into pieces. There's poor Penny, undressed and her bikini unwearable. But she's not beaten. A few snips of a dry-cleaning bag and there she is, tantalisingly clad in plastic film. Out strides Penny in polythene to the delight of the audience, and wins. And she'll be a winner with you on this 100 feet long, Super or Standard 8 mm film which is yours for only £5·50 inc. p & p.

Each Mayfair colour film – and there are five now – costs £5·50. Each is approximately 100 feet long and gives you an unrivalled chance to see our girls in living, moving colour. (All prices, incidentally, include postage and packing.) Technically speaking, the films are all 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Super 8 and Standard 8. Please check which one will suit your projector before ordering as the films are not interchangeable, unfortunately.



If you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 gives the larger image. If you don't own a projector we've arranged for Arrowtabs Hand Movie projectors to be available to our readers. They're made of styrene with nylon bearings and are worked by turning a crank handle. They have their own light source and any frame can be frozen for closer inspection. THE VIEWER (PICTURED LEFT) TAKES STANDARD 8 FILM ONLY. PRICE £2·40.

Penny's arrival brings the number of films now available from the Mayfair Film Society up to five, and what a selection they make. There's air hostess Sophie, who spills her duty free drink on her uniform while alone in a train compartment and decides to change. As she takes off that crisp, tight uniform you'll see how well she is equipped to cope up in the air or anywhere else. Blonde fanciers will go crazy over Caroline Dell. Watch her micro-skirted curves dance specially for you—and watch what she does with her clothes. If you like 'em strong and black, just like your coffee, then there's Sylvia. She's a whole lot of woman with gigantic breasts that clothes just weren't made to handle. And there's Victoria Jane, whose name captures her full English roundness. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she washes the mud off her pet dog.

To Mayfair Film Society,
95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete those which do not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose cheque/postal order for..........................

Please send me..................Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for

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Name...

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Address...

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.... Date...................

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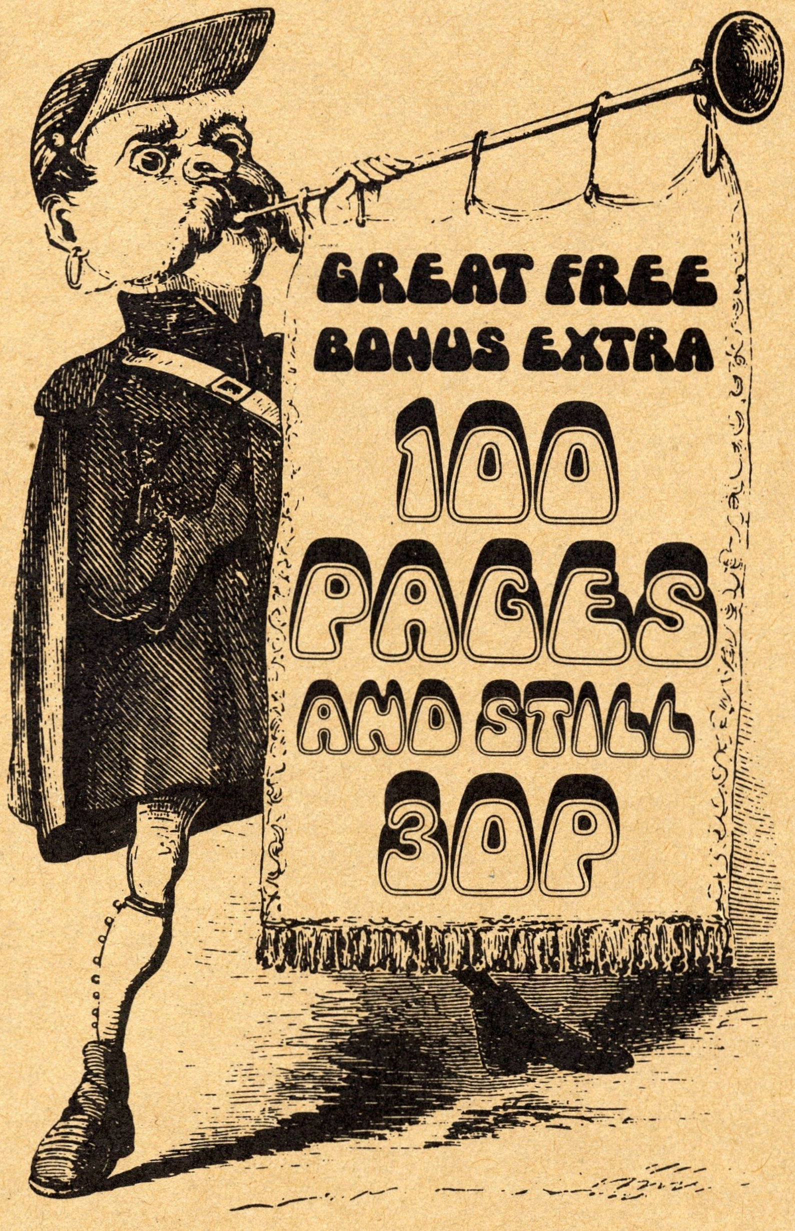
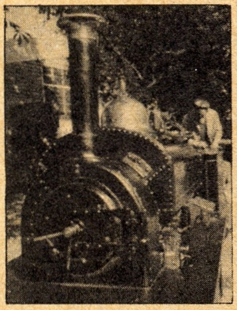
Next Month in Mayfair



Next month's Mayfair goes up to 100 pages. But the price stays the same as it has been for four years! More pages, more girls, more laughs, more reading. And all for the old price. We must be mad . . . That's better value than any rival magazine can match. How do we do it? It's just that you give a lot to us so we play fair with you. It's too simple to get sentimental about so let's just say, as we do about sex, we can't keep it up forever but it's great while we can. So just look below at what's to come.

Francesca – the big girl from down under



The puffing beauties from the age of steam

Nursery tales that mother didn't tell

Mandy – a little girl who is full of bounce

On sale at W H Smiths and newsagents everywhere on Wednesday, September 20.

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